The Most Lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND GEORGE PEELE,
WITH AN ADDED SCENE (BY THOMAS MIDDLETON?)

ROLES IN THE PLAY

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Roman general
LAVINIA, daughter of Titus
LUCIUS, eldest son of Titus
PUER (Latin for 'Boy'), also called 'Young Lucius': the son of Lucius
QUINTUS, MARTIUS, MUTIUS } other sons of Titus

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother of Titus, a tribune of the people
PUBLIUS, son of Marcus
SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, VALENTINE } other kinsmen of Titus

SATURNINUS, eldest son to the late Emperor of Rome
BASSIANUS, his brother
AEMILIUS, a Roman lord and ambassador

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths
AARON THE MOOR, Tamora's lover
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, ALARBUS } sons of Tamora

A NURSE

A CLOWN

A CAPTAIN

A MESSENGER

A GOTH

A ROMAN LORD

Tribunes, senators, Roman soldiers and citizens, Goth soldiers, attendants

Sc. 1

1.1 *[Flourish.] Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers [at the other], with drums and [colours]*

SATURNINUS *[to Senators]* Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms.
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore th'imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

BASSIANUS *[to Tribunes]* Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th'imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility;
But let desert in pure election shine,
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

[Enter] Marcus Andronicus [aloft] with the crown

MARCUS Princes that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook

1.1 1.1 patricians his followers (as at 1.207). Senators were typically the representatives of the patrician class, while Tribunes represented the plebeian class.
1.1 **patrons** supporters (also, in Elizabethan usage, 'patterns', models)
1.4 **successive title** right to succeed (as emperor)
1.5 **his first-born son that** the eldest son of him who
1.8 **age** seniority
1.8 **this indignity** i.e. the threat of being passed over
1.10 **Caesar's** i.e. the previous emperor. Bassianus is Saturninus' younger brother.
1.11 **gracious** acceptable
1.12 **Keep** guard
1.12 **passage** path, route
1.12 **Capitol** the temple and citadel of ancient Rome, situated on Capitoline hill
1.14 **consecrate** consecrated
1.16 **pure election** free choice (regardless of age)
1.19 **empery** status of emperor
1.20 **we** Marcus and the other tribunes
1.20–21 **for . . . party** whose specific interests we represent
1.21 **common voice** acclamation, unanimous vote
1.23 **Chosen** i.e. nominated
1.23 **surnamèd Pius** given the additional name of 'Pious' (referring to Titus)
1.24 **deserts to** actions deserving reward from
1.27 **accited** summoned
1.30 **yoked** brought under the yoke, subdued

This cause of Rome and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride; five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In Coffins from the field; and at this door
To the monument of that Andronici
Done sacrifice of expiatïon,
And slain the noblest prisoner of the Goths.
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honour of his name
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

SATURNINUS How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

BASSIANUS Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

Exeunt [his] soldiers [and followers]

SATURNINUS Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt his soldiers and followers]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, tribunes, and let me in.

BASSIANUS Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Flourish.] They go up into the Senate House

Enter a Captain

CAPTAIN Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned
From where he circumscribèd with his sword
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

1.66.1 ***into the Senate House*** Perhaps through a door in the tiring-house wall at the rear of the stage and then ascending to the upper level, where they join the Tribunes and Senators. Those aloft may remain silent, 'freeze' into a tableau, or retire. Neither sibling speaks for 139 lines.

1.42–43 **his name . . . succeed** the name of him whom you would now wish to rightfully succeed (i.e. your father)
1.44 **in the Capitol and Senate's right** by the authority of the Capitol and the Senate
1.45 **pretend** claim
1.50 **affy** trust
1.64 **confident and kind** trusting and naturally affectionate
1.66 **competitor** co-petitioner; rival
1.68 **Patron** representative, model (the same word as 'pattern')
1.71 **circumscribèd** brought within bounds

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of Titus' sons. [After them] two men bearing a coffin covered with black. [After them] two other sons, then Titus Andronicus [in a chariot] and then, [as prisoners,] Tamora, the Queen of Goths, and her sons [Alarbus,] Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others as many as can be. Then set down the coffin, and Titus speaks

TITUS Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the barque that hath discharged his freight
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel bows,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend.
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead.
These that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have giv'n me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethëren.

They open the tomb

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars.
O sacred rèceptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store
That thou wilt never render to me more!

LUCIUS Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh
Before this earthy prison of their bones,

1.72.3 *in a chariot* as suggested by 1.252; the chariot would be pulled by slaves (or, possibly. the prisoners) rather than horses

1.72.3 ***chariot*** (suggesting a Roman triumph, but also for Elizabethan theatregoers alluding to Marlowe's famous *Tamburlaine* plays)
1.72.4 ***Goths*** The Goths in early modern geography were said to come from the Germanic/Scandinavian region. Classical and Renaissance theories held that latitude determined many physical characteristics, including hair and skin colour. Peoples far north or far south of Rome were considered intrinsically barbarous, because of the latitude of their origins.
1.72.5 ***Moor*** i.e. sub-Saharan African and pagan. Historically, the events of the play predate the prophet Mohammad and the birth of the Islamic religion, but in this as in other respects the play draws on anachronistic assumptions. Dark-skinned southern peoples were considered physically and temperamentally the opposites of fair-skinned Nordic peoples.
1.73 **weeds** clothes
1.74 **his** its
1.75 **lading** cargo
1.76 **anchorage** set of anchors
1.77 **laurel** symbol of victory
1.80 **defender** Jupiter Capitolinus, chief of the Roman gods, to whose shrine on the Capitol victorious commanders brought their spoils
1.83 **Priam** King of Troy at the time of the Trojan War
1.86 **latest** last
1.87 **With burial** i.e. let Rome reward with burial
1.88 **giv'n me leave** i.e. (presumably) by surrender
1.91 **Styx** the river bounding Hades; a soul could not cross it so long as the body remained unburied
1.93 **wont** accustomed (to do)
1.98 **render** give back
1.101 ***Ad manes fratrum*** to the spirits of our brothers (Latin)

That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.
TITUS I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd Queen.
TAMORA *[kneeling]* Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son.
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke?
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful.
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
TITUS Patient yourself, madàm, and pardon me.
These are their brethren whom your Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
To this your son is marked, and die he must
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
LUCIUS Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our swords upon a pile of wood
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
Exeunt Titus' sons with Alarbus
TAMORA *[rising]* O cruel irreligious piety!
CHIRON Was never Scythia half so barbarous!
DEMETRIUS Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
[*Aside*] Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal
The selfsame gods that armed the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen—
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

1.105 I give him you Alarbus must be singled out and brought forward; he may violently resist or be passive and resigned, and some productions explain his silence by having him gagged.

1.103 **shadows** shades, spirits
1.104 **prodigies** ominous happenings
1.105 **him you** him (Alarbus) to you
1.108 **rue** have pity for
1.109 **passion** grief
1.112 **Sufficeth not** is it not enough
1.117 **commonweal** the public good (or 'commonwealth', the whole body of people)
1.124 **Patient yourself** calm down
1.125 **These** i.e. Titus' living sons
1.125 **their brethren** the brothers of those
1.127 **Religiously** solemnly, on religious principles
1.130 **straight** immediately
1.132 **clean** completely
1.134 **Scythia** area occupied by the notoriously barbaric (and nomadic) Scythians
1.135 **Oppose** compare
1.138 **withal** as well
1.139 **Queen of Troy** Hecuba, who killed the sons of the Thracian tyrant, Polymestor, and blinded him in revenge for the murder of her son Polydorus. Peele could have read the story in Euripides's *Hecuba* or Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 13.
1.144 **quit** requite, avenge

Enter the sons of Andronicus again [with bloody swords]

LUCIUS See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rights: Alarbus' limbs are lopped
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught but to inter our brethren
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
TITUS Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

Sound trumpets, and lay the coffin in the tomb

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps.
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd drugs, here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter Lavinia

LAVINIA In peace and honour, live Lord Titus long:
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies,
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on this earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.
TITUS Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live, outlive thy father's days
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

[Enter Marcus]

MARCUS Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
TITUS Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.
MARCUS And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords,
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,

1.147 **entrails** i.e. Alarbus' entrails
1.150 **'larums** trumpet calls (or 'acclamations')
1.157 **drugs** plants producing poison
1.162 **tributary** paying tribute
1.169 **cordial** comfort
1.171 **fame's . . . praise** i.e. may your virtue continue to be praised beyond the eternal duration (date) of fame itself
1.177 **your fortunes are alike in all** i.e. the living and the dead are alike victorious
1.180 **aspired** risen (not merely 'attempted to rise')
1.180 **Solon's** an Athenian philosopher who said 'Call no man happy till he is dead'

This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire
With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

TITUS A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What, should I don this robe and trouble you?—
Be chose with proclamatïons today,
Tomorrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

MARCUS Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

SATURNINUS Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

TITUS Patience, Prince Saturninus.

SATURNINUS Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou were shipped to hell
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

LUCIUS Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.

TITUS *[to Saturnine]* Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

BASSIANUS Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But honour thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

TITUS People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages.
Will ye bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

TRIBUNES To gratify the good Andronicus
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

TITUS Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make:
That you create our emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,

1.185 This palliament Marcus must hold, or gesture toward, the ceremonial white robe; he could have brought it with him when he entered and he may reveal it only now, or an attendant may carry it, and he may at the end of this speech try to place it on Titus.

1.185 **palliament** ceremonial cloak
1.188 ***candidatus*** candidate (Latin; literally 'one clad in a white robe', as were candidates for office)
1.193 **chose** chosen
1.195 **set abroad** initiate
1.200 **In right** i.e. on due behalf
1.204 **obtain and ask** obtain merely by asking
1.205 **canst thou tell** i.e. how do you know? (a defiant phrase)
1.219 **meed** reward
1.221 **voices and your suffrages** support and your votes
1.224 **gratulate** express joy at
1.225 **admits** acknowledges
1.227 **create** elect; give the office to
1.229 **Titan's** the sun-god

And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him and say, 'Long live our emperor!'
MARCUS With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our emperor Saturnine!'

[A long flourish till they come down]

SATURNINUS Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our electïon this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
TITUS It doth, my worthy lord, and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace,
And here in sight of Rome to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord.
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
SATURNINUS Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life.
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your feälty to me.
TITUS *[to Tamora]* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor,
To him that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.
SATURNINUS *[aside]* A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose were I to choose anew.
[To Tamora] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance.
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome.
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

1.230 **commonweal** commonwealth, community
1.239 **in part of** as part of the reward for
1.240 **gentleness** nobility
1.241 **onset** start
1.245 **Pantheon** temple dedicated to all the gods
1.246 **motion** proposal
1.253 **imperious** imperial
1.255 **ensigns** tokens, symbols
1.259 **unspeakable** inexpressible
1.260 **feälty** obligation, loyalty
1.262 **for** because of
1.264 **hue** appearance (not merely colour)
1.267 **cheer** expression
1.270 **Rest** rely
1.272 **Can** who can

LAVINIA Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
SATURNINUS Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[Sound trumpets and drums. The prisoners are released. Exeunt Saturninus, Tribunes, Senators, Goths and Aaron the Moor]
BASSIANUS Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
TITUS How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
BASSIANUS Ay, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
MARCUS *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
LUCIUS And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
TITUS Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's guard?
[Enter Saturninus]
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised.
SATURNINUS Surprised? By whom?
BASSIANUS By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away. *[Exit Bassianus with Lavinia at one door. Exit Saturninus at another]*
MUTIUS Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[Exeunt Quintus, Martius, and Lucius. Marcus follows]
MUTIUS My lord, you pass not here.
TITUS What, villain boy,
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
MUTIUS Help, Lucius, help!
[Titus kills Mutius]
[Enter Lucius]
LUCIUS *[to Titus]* My lord, you are unjust, and more than so.
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
TITUS Nor thou, nor he, are any son of mine.
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.
LUCIUS Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife.
That is another's lawful promised love. *[Exit, with Mutius' body]*
Enter aloft the Emperor Saturninus with Tamora and her two sons, and Aaron the Moor.
TITUS *[to Saturninus]* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
SATURNINUS No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not.
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

1.279 mine Bassianus is probably standing close to Lavinia at this point, perhaps holding her hand or arm to indicate possession.

1.285 And . . . live. Lucius should move between Bassianus and his father, possibly drawing his sword.

1.286.1 *Enter Saturninus* Perhaps aloft.

1.274 **sith** since
1.275 **Warrants** justifies
1.279 **this maid** Lavinia
1.283 ***Suum cuique*** 'to each his own' (Latin)
1.286 **avaunt** be off
1.287 **surprised** captured
1.296 **Nor** neither
1.304 **by leisure** not in a hurry
1.307 **to make** i.e. for you to make
1.307 **stale** laughing-stock

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst I begged the empire at thy hands.
TITUS O monstrous, what reproachful words are these?
SATURNINUS But go thy ways, go give that changing piece
To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy,
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
TITUS These words are razors to my wounded heart.
SATURNINUS And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Emperess of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymenaeus stand,
I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.
TAMORA And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
SATURNINUS Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. *Exeunt [all but Titus]*
TITUS I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus and challengèd of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus' sons Lucius, Quintus, and Martius [bearing Mutius' body]

MARCUS O Titus, see! O see what thou hast done:
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
TITUS No, foolish Tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
LUCIUS But let us give him burial as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our bretheren.
TITUS Traitors, away, he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,

1.312 **changing piece** fickle wench
1.313 **flourished for her with his sword** drew his sword to win her
1.315 **bandy** brawl
1.316 **ruffle** swagger
1.319 **Phoebe** Diana, goddess of hunting and chastity
1.328 **Hymenaeus** god of marriage
1.330 **climb** mount to
1.335 **youth** youthfulness
1.341 **bid** invited
1.343 **challengèd** accused
1.350 **becomes** is fitting

Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.
MARCUS My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him.
He must be buried with his bretheren.
QUINTUS AND MARTIUS And shall, or him we will accompany.
TITUS 'And shall'? What villain was it spake that word?
QUINTUS He that would vouch it in any place but here.
TITUS What! Would you bury him in my despite?
MARCUS No, noble Titus, but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.
TITUS Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
MARTIUS He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
QUINTUS Not I till Mutius' bones be burièd.

The brother [Marcus] and the sons [Lucius, Quintus, and Martius] kneel

MARCUS Brother, for in that name doth nature plead—
QUINTUS Father, and in that name doth nature speak—
TITUS Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
MARCUS Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul—
LUCIUS Dear father, soul and substance of us all—
MARCUS Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous.
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.
TITUS Rise, Marcus, rise.

[They rise]

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome.
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put Mutius in the tomb

LUCIUS There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends',
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

They all kneel [except Titus] and say:

ALL BUT TITUS No man shed tears for noble Mutïus;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Exeunt all but Marcus and Titus

1.389.1 ***They*** presumably not including Titus, who may conspicuously remove himself from the ceremony

1.363 **vouch it** assert it; back it with proof
1.363 **here** i.e. at the entrance to the tomb, a sanctified spot
1.364 **my despite** defiance of me
1.371 **not with** beside
1.375 **will speed** hope to succeed
1.382 **upon advice** advisedly, after full consideration
1.382 **Ajax** a Greek hero in the Trojan war
1.383 **Laertes' son** Ulysses, who persuaded Agamemnon to grant Ajax honourable burial
1.391 **trophies** memorial tributes

MARCUS My lord—to step out of these dreary dumps—
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?
TITUS I know not, Marcus, but I know it is—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
MARCUS Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

[Flourish.] Enter the Emperor [Saturninus], Tamora and her two sons, with the Moor at one door. Enter at the other door Bassianus and Lavinia, with [Lucius, Quintus, and Martius]

SATURNINUS So Bassianus, you have played your prize.
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
BASSIANUS And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.
SATURNINUS Traitor, if Rome have law or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
BASSIANUS 'Rape' call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothèd love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile am I possessed of that is mine.
SATURNINUS 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with us.
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
BASSIANUS My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
TITUS Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou and those that have dishonoured me.

[He kneels]

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine!
TAMORA *[to Saturninus]* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

1.431 ***to Saturninus*** who may remain unmoved, or perhaps turn away

1.394 **dumps** attacks of melancholy
1.395 **subtle** cunning, devious
1.398 **device** scheming
1.402 **played your prize** won your bout (a fencing term)
1.407 **rape** forcible carrying off
1.411 **that** that which
1.419 **opinion** reputation
1.423 **To be controlled in that** at being opposed in that which
1.423 **frankly** generously
1.427 **leave** cease
1.433 **indifferently** impartially

SATURNINUS What, madam, be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
TAMORA Not so, my lord. The gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then at my suit look graciously on him.
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[Aside] My lord, be ruled by me: be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I suèd for my dear son's life,
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.
[Aloud] Come, come, sweet Emperor; *[to Titus]* come, Andronicus.
[To Saturnine] Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
SATURNINUS Rise, Titus, rise, my empress hath prevailed.
TITUS *[rising]* I thank your majesty and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
TAMORA Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
[To Titus' sons] And fear not, lords—and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[Titus' sons kneel]

SON We do, and vow to heaven and to his highness
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.
MARCUS *[kneels]* That on mine honour here do I protest.

1.436 **put it up** submit (metaphorically from 'putting up' (sheathing) a sword)
1.437 **forfend** forbid
1.438 **author to dishonour** responsible for dishonouring
1.439 **undertake** vouch
1.443 **vain suppose** idle conjecture
1.452 **at entreats** to entreaty
1.452 **let me alone** leave it to me
1.460 **Take up** Raise up
1.478–9 **mildly . . . Tend'ring** done as mildly as we could, having regard for

SATURNINUS Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.
TAMORA Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace.
I will not be denied; sweetheart, look back.
SATURNINUS Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up!

[All those kneeling rise]

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
TITUS Tomorrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
SATURNINUS Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

2.1 *Sound trumpets. [Exeunt. Manet Aaron the Moor]*

AARON THE MOOR Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced aboue pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills,
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held fettered in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I?—to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren that will charm Rome's Saturnine

1.488 **churl** ignorant peasant
1.490 **part** depart
1.493 **love-day** day appointed for the settling of disputes
1.496 **give your grace *bonjour*** give you a greeting (*bonjour* = 'good day', anachronistically French)
1.497 **gramercy** thank you very much
1.498 **Olympus'** the mountain home of the gods
1.501 **envy's** malice's
1.504 **Gallops** gallops through
1.511 **mount her pitch** rise to the highest point of her flight (referring to trained falcons and hawks)
1.513 **charming** casting a spell
1.514 **Prometheus . . . Caucasus** Zeus chained Prometheus to a rock in the Caucasus Mountains as punishment for serving mortals; a vulture was to feed on his liver for 30,000 years
1.518 **wanton** play sexually
1.519 **Semiramis** in myth, a lustful Assyrian queen

And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Hollo, what storm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving

DEMETRIUS Chiron, thy years wants wit, thy wits wants edge,
And manners to intrude where I am graced
And may, for aught thou knowest, affected be.
CHIRON Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate.
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace,
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
AARON THE MOOR *[aside]* Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep the peace.
DEMETRIUS Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to, have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
CHIRON Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
DEMETRIUS Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

They draw [their weapons]

AARON THE MOOR Why, how now, lords?
So near the Emperor's palace dare ye draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a millïon of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
DEMETRIUS Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.
CHIRON For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
AARON THE MOOR Away, I say.
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.

1.522 Hollo . . . this? He can hear the brothers quarrelling before they appear onstage.

1.522.1 **braving** defying each other
1.523 **wants** lack
1.524 **graced** favoured
1.525 **affected** loved
1.526 **overween** behave presumptuously
1.527 **braves** defiant threats
1.532 **approve** prove
1.534 **Clubs, clubs!** a cry for the watchmen to come to subdue a brawl
1.535 **unadvised** unwisely
1.536 **dancing-rapier** ornamental sword worn in dancing
1.538 **lath** stage-property wooden sword
1.545 **wot** know
1.550 **put up** sheathe (your sword)
1.559 **brabble** quarrel

Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware; and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

CHIRON I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

DEMETRIUS Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice;
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

AARON THE MOOR Why, are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatïent they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

CHIRON Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.

AARON THE MOOR To achieve her how?

DEMETRIUS Why makes thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man, more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

AARON THE MOOR *[aside]* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

DEMETRIUS Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

AARON THE MOOR Why then, it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

CHIRON Ay, so the turn were served.

DEMETRIUS Aaron, thou hast hit it.

AARON THE MOOR Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tired with this ado.

1.561 **jet** encroach
1.565 **controlment** check
1.566 **and** possibly 'an' (=if)
1.567 **ground** basis (playing on the musical term: a bass line)
1.570 **make some meaner choice** choose someone of lower rank
1.574 **brook** endure
1.577 **propose** be ready to meet
1.578 **makes thou it so strange** do you find it so odd
1.579–80 **She . . . won** proverbially, 'All women may be won' (any woman can be talked into having sex)
1.582 **more . . . of** proverbially, 'Much water goes by the mill that the miller knows not of' (meaning, here, no man can keep track of all the semen that flows into his wife's body)
1.583–4 **easy . . . shive** proverbial; 'It is safe taking a shive of a cut loaf' (once a woman is no longer a virgin, there's no way of knowing who else she has sex with)
1.584 **shive** slice
1.586 **worn Vulcan's badge** been cuckolded (as Vulcan was by Mars); 'worn' may be pronounced as two syllables (as 'film' is in some dialects of English)
1.588 **knows to court it** knows how to carry on a courtship
1.590 **struck** struck dead
1.591 **cleanly** smartly, without being noticed
1.592 **snatch** quick bit (with sexual innuendo)
1.593 **serve your turns** serve your purposes (with sexual innuendo in Chiron's reply)
1.594 **had hit it** had succeeded (sexually)

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?
CHIRON Faith, not me.
DEMETRIUS Nor me, so I were one.
AARON THE MOOR For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.
The forest walks are wide and spacïous,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words;
This way or not at all stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint withal what we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears;
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull.
There speak and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
CHIRON Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
DEMETRIUS *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Stygia, per manes vehor. *Exeunt*

1.597 **To square** as to quarrel
1.598 **speed** succeed
1.599 **for that you jar** to win what you are quarrelling over
1.600–1 **do| That you affect** achieve what you are aiming at
1.602–3 **what you cannot . . . may** proverbial
1.604 **Lucrece** the virtuous heroine of Shakespeare's poem *Lucrece*
1.608 **solemn** ceremonial
1.611 **plots** (of land)
1.612 **kind** (their) nature
1.613 **Single** pick on (as in hunting)
1.614 **strike her home** totally overcome her (as in hunting, and sexually)
1.616 **sacred** (by virtue of her office)
1.617 **consecrate** dedicated
1.619 **file our engines** sharpen our wits
1.620 **square yourselves** quarrel with (and so thwart) each other
1.622 **Fame** rumour; as in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 12
1.624 **ruthless** pitiless
1.624 **dull** insensible
1.626 **heaven's eye** both 'the sun' and 'the view of the gods'
1.629 ***Sit fas aut nefas*** be it right or wrong (Latin)
1.631 ***Per Stygia, per manes vehor.*** I am borne through the Stygian regions, through the shades (Latin; adapted from Seneca's play *Hippolytus*), i.e. I am in hell

Sc. 2

2.2 *Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons (Lucius, Martius, and Quintus) and Marcus, making a noise with hounds and horns*

TITUS The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal. Then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants

2.10.1 ***Here . . . peal*** A second hunting party enters, perhaps from a different direction.

TITUS Many good-morrows to your majesty.
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promisèd your grace a hunter's peal.
SATURNINUS And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
BASSIANUS Lavinia, how say you?
LAVINIA I say no.
I have been broad awake, two hours and more.
SATURNINUS Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. *[To Tamora]* Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
MARCUS I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
TITUS And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way and runs like swallows o'er the plain.
DEMETRIUS *[aside]* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Sc. 3

2.3 *Enter Aaron alone [with gold]*

AARON THE MOOR He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so àbjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem
Which (cunningly effected) will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy.
And so repose sweet gold for their unrest
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

2.3 3.2 a tree Property trees were put in place before Aaron's entrance. Aaron hides the gold in some way near the tree.

Enter Tamora alone to the Moor

2.2 2.1 grey used of the dawn light
2.3 **Uncouple** unleash the hounds
2.3 **bay** deep, long barking noise
2.5 **ring** sound, blow
2.10.1 **wind** blow
2.18.23 **horse** horses
2.21 **chase** hunting ground
2.24 **Makes way** makes progress
2.3 3.3 inherit enjoy the possession of
3.9 **That . . . chest** i.e. who get this gold (which comes from Tamora's treasury)

TAMORA My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush,
The snakes lies rollèd in the cheerful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind
And make a chequered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And after conflict such as was supposed
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoyed
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may—each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done—possess a golden slumber
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

AARON THE MOOR Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal executïon?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs.
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee:
This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
His Philomel must lose her tongue today,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? Take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.

[She takes the letter]

Now question me no more. We are espied.
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destructïon.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia

3.48 we are espied He may look and see Bassianus and Lavinia approaching, or they may enter here.

3.11 **boast** display
3.21 **conflict** i.e. the strife of love-making
3.22 **prince** Aeneas, who made love with Dido in a cave while sheltering from a storm
3.23 **happy** lucky
3.24 **with** by
3.30–1 **Venus . . . Saturn** Those born while the planet Venus was in the ascendant were thought to be amorous; Saturn produced a colder and more gloomy temperament.
3.32 **deadly-standing** fixed in a death-dealing stare
3.37 **venereal** amorous (appertaining to Venus)
3.43 **Philomel** an Athenian princess raped by her brother-in-law Tereus, who cut out her tongue to protect himself (alluding to Lavinia)
3.47 **fatal-plotted** plotted to a fatal end
3.49 **parcel of our hopeful** part of our hoped-for

TAMORA *[aside to Aaron]* Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
AARON THE MOOR *[aside to Tamora]* No more, great Empress;
Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. *[Exit]*
BASSIANUS Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian habited like her
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
TAMORA Saucy controller of my private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actaeon's, and thy hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.
LAVINIA Under your patience, gentle Empëress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds today—
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
BASSIANUS Believe me, Queen, your swart Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequesterèd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
LAVINIA And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. *[To Bassianus]* I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love.
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
BASSIANUS The King my brother shall have note of this.
LAVINIA Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused!
TAMORA Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius

DEMETRIUS How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

3.53 **Be cross** pick a quarrel
3.56 **Unfurnished of** unaccompanied by
3.56 **troop** (of attendants or guards)
3.57 **Dian** Diana, chaste goddess of the hunt (ironically)
3.57 **habited** dressed
3.60 **Saucy controller** insolent director
3.63 **Actaeon** a legendary hunter transformed into a stag and killed and eaten by his own hounds in punishment for seeing Diana bathing
3.67 **horning** cuckolding your husband
3.68 **doubted** suspected
3.69 **singled forth** singled out, chosen; or "drawn apart"
3.69 **experiments** in sexual behaviour (or its results, e.g. cross-breeding)
3.71 **stag** horned deer, so 'cuckold'
3.72 **swart** swarthy, black
3.72 **Cimmerian** legendary people on whom, according to Homer, the sun never shone
3.74 **Spotted** morally stained
3.81 **rated** berated
3.83 **joy** enjoy
3.84 **passing** surpassingly
3.86 **noted** notorious
3.87 **abused** deceived

TAMORA Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place.
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.
And when they showed me this abhorrèd pit
They told me here at dead time of the night
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforward called my children.
DEMETRIUS This is a witness that I am thy son.

He stabs Bassianus

CHIRON And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[He also stabs Bassianus, who dies]

LAVINIA Ay, come Semiramis—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
TAMORA *[to Chiron]* Give me the poniard. You shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
DEMETRIUS Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her.
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that quaint hope braves your mightiness.
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
CHIRON An if she do, I would I were an eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
TAMORA But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

3.118 Ay, come Tamora may have been assisting in Bassianus' murder, and now turns on or toward Lavinia ('yes, come'); or Lavinia may herself step forward instead ('I come').

3.120 Give me the poniard She may speak this to either of her sons, and they may or may not comply.

3.92 **'ticed** enticed
3.95 **baleful** harmful (perhaps because mistletoe is parasitic)
3.97 **fatal** ominous
3.101 **urchins** hedgehogs (or, perhaps, 'goblins')
3.107 **yew** a dark-leaved tree especially associated with churchyards and sadness
3.110 **Lascivious Goth** probably punning on the proverbially lustful 'goat'
3.118 **Semiramis** see note on 1.519
3.122 **belongs** relates
3.124 **minion stood upon** minx prided herself on
3.126 **quaint** fine, fastidious (derisorily); with wordplay on an early form of 'cunt' ('quaint hope' being her hope of sexual purity)
3.126 **braves** defies
3.132 **outlive** survive

CHIRON I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservèd honesty of yours.
LAVINIA O Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face—
TAMORA I will not hear her speak. Away with her!
LAVINIA Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
DEMETRIUS *[to Tamora]* Listen, fair madam! Let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
LAVINIA When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath! She taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike.
[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a woman's pity.
CHIRON What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
LAVINIA 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark.
Yet have I heard—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster fòrlorn children
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
TAMORA I know not what it means. Away with her!
LAVINIA O, let me teach thee for my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee.
Be not obdùrate, open thy deaf ears.
TAMORA Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will—
The worse to her, the better loved of me.
LAVINIA O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begged so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
TAMORA What, begg'st thou then, fond woman? Let me go.
LAVINIA 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit
Where never man's eye may behold my body,
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
TAMORA So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee?
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

3.168 O Tamora probably begging physically, by kneeling, but also clinging to Tamora or her clothes (as implied by 'Let me go' below)

3.133 **make that sure** make sure of that (and 'make that safe')
3.135 **nice-preservèd honesty** fastidiously guarded chastity
3.143 **learn** teach
3.144 **suck'st** = sucked'st (the past tense elided here)
3.145 **hadst** i.e. took in, imbibed
3.150 **find it** find it so
3.153 **children** baby birds
3.156 **Nothing so . . . something** nothing like so . . . at least a little
3.172 **fond** foolish
3.173 **present** immediate

DEMETRIUS *[to Lavinia]* Away, for thou hast stayed us here too long.
LAVINIA No grace, no womanhood—ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name,
Confusion fall—
CHIRON Nay then, I'll stop your mouth.
[To Demetrius] Bring thou her husband.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit]

TAMORA Farewell, my sons. See that you make her sure.

[Chiron and Demetrius exeunt, forcing Lavinia along with them]

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. *Exit*

Enter Aaron, with [Quintus and Martius,] two of Titus' sons

AARON THE MOOR Come on, my lords, the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
QUINTUS My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
MARTIUS And mine, I promise you. Were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[He falls into the pit]

QUINTUS What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briers
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother. Hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
MARTIUS *[from below]* O, brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
AARON THE MOOR *[aside]* Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. *Exit*
MARTIUS *[from below]* Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallowed and bloodstainèd hole?
QUINTUS I am surpriseèd with an uncouth fear.
A chilling sweat o'eruns my trembling joints.
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
MARTIUS *[from below]* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
QUINTUS Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me who it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

3.185 stop your mouth Chiron may cover her mouth, or stuff something into it; she never speaks again and from here on must convey all her thoughts and emotions physically.

3.186.1 ***into the pit*** They presumably cover with brush or a cloth, the mouth of the pit in order to camouflage it, so that Martius and Quintus can more plausibly fall into it later.

3.187.1 ***taking Lavinia*** they drag her, but she could also be forcibly and obscenely carried. The sound of the rape may be heard.

3.183 **our general name** the reputation of women
3.184 **Confusion** destruction
3.187 **make her sure** 'fix' her, make her incapable of revenge
3.189 **made away** killed
3.191 **spleenful** lustful
3.191 **trull** whore
3.195 **My sight . . . bodes** Sleepiness was regarded as a bad omen.
3.198 **subtle** treacherous, crafty
3.202 **fatal** ill-omened
3.211 **surprisèd with** overcome by
3.211 **uncouth** unfamiliar, uncanny
3.219 **by surmise** merely by imagining it

MARTIUS *[from below]* Lord Bassianus lies berayed in blood
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested dark, blood-drinking pit.
QUINTUS If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
MARTIUS *[from below]* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all this hole,
Which like a taper in some monument
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring rèceptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
QUINTUS *[reaching into the pit]* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
MARTIUS *[from below]* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
QUINTUS Thy hand once more, I will not loose again
Till thou art here aloft or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

[He falls into the pit]

Enter the Emperor Saturninus [with attendants] and Aaron the Moor

SATURNINUS Along with me! I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.

[He speaks into the pit]

Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
MARTIUS The unhappy sons of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
SATURNINUS My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase.
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.
MARTIUS *[from below]* We know not where you left them all alive,
But, out alas, here have we found him dead!

Enter Tamora, Titus Andronicus, and Lucius

TAMORA Where is my lord the King?

3.245.2 *attendants* They may enter here, as part of the entourage that establishes royalty; or the intimacy of Saturninus and Aaron may be established by their entering alone together, and the attendants may instead enter with Tamora thirteen lines later, establishing her dominance.

3.222 **berayed in** defiled with
3.223 **on** in
3.227 **precious ring** ring set with a precious stone (such as a carbuncle, believed to emit its own light)
3.228 **monument** sepulchre, vault
3.230 **ragged entrails** rough interior
3.231 **Pyramus** legendary lover of Thisbe who stabbed himself on finding her dead. Shakespeare dramatizes the story in the mechanicals' play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.
3.232 **maiden** innocent
3.235 **fell** dreadful
3.236 **Cocytus** a river of Hades; so, hell-mouth (pronounced to rhyme with 'light us')
3.245.2 ***attendants*** needed later in the scene; additionally, or alternatively, they might enter with Tamora at 3.258.
3.255 **chase** hunting ground
3.258 **out** (emphatically)

SATURNINUS Here, Tamora, though pierced with killing grief.
TAMORA Where is thy brother Bassianus?
SATURNINUS Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.
TAMORA Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy,
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

She giveth Saturnine a letter

SATURNINUS *[reads the letter]* 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murdered Bassianus here.
AARON THE MOOR My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
SATURNINUS *[to Titus]* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison.
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
TAMORA What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoverèd!
TITUS *[kneeling]* High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed:
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons—
Accursèd, if the fault be proved in them—
SATURNINUS If it be proved? You see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
TAMORA Andronicus himself did take it up.
TITUS I did, my lord, yet let me be their bail,
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
SATURNINUS Thou shalt not bail them. See thou follow me.
Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.
Let them not speak a word—the guilt is plain;
For by my soul, were there worse end than death
That end upon them should be executed. *[Exit]*

3.303 executed Saturninus may exit at the end of his speech, or be on the other side of the stage from Tamora and Titus during their exchange.

3.262 **search** probe
3.264 **writ** document
3.265 **complot** plot-summary
3.265 **timeless** untimely
3.268 **handsomely** conveniently
3.279 **should have** was to have
3.281 **kind** nature
3.287 **discoverèd** revealed
3.296 **my father's tomb** (aurally indistinguishable from the plural possessive *fathers' tomb*, meaning 'tomb of my forefathers')
3.298 **their suspicion** the suspicion in which they are held

TAMORA Andronicus, I will entreat the King.
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
TITUS *[rising]* Come, Lucius, come. Stay not to talk with them. *[Exeunt]*

Sc. 4

2.4 *Enter the Empress Tamora's sons Chiron and Demetrius with Lavinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and ravished*

DEMETRIUS So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.
CHIRON Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
DEMETRIUS See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.
CHIRON Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
DEMETRIUS She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
CHIRON An 'twere my cause, I should go hang myself.
DEMETRIUS If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
Exeunt Chiron and Demetrius

[Wind horns.] Enter Marcus from hunting

MARCUS *[to Lavinia]* Who is this—my niece that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word. Where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me.
If I do wake, some planet strike me down
That I may slumber an eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece. What stern ungentle hands
Hath lopped and hewed and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love. Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflowered thee
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame,
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say 'tis so?
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopped,

4.11 flies away Lavinia in some way must try to avoid him, and either he blocks her escape or she is too weak and disoriented to get away.

4.13 husband? Between his question and 'If', Marcus must through some action by Lavinia become aware of the amputation of her hands, and physically react to it.

3.305 **Fear not** have no fear for
3.306 **them** Quintus and Martius
3.306 ***Exeunt*** Titus has been instructed to follow Saturninus, so probably Lucius and he should leave before Tamora and the rest.
2.4 4.3 bewray reveal
4.6 **sweet** perfumed
4.9 **cause** case
4.10 **knit** knot
4.12 **Cousin** kinswoman, niece
4.13 **would . . . me** i.e. I would give all I have to find that this was not true
4.16 **Speak** tell
4.26 **Tereus** See note to 3.43.
4.27 **detect** expose
4.30 **conduit** water-spout
4.31 **Titan** the sun-god
4.34 **heart** what is in your heart
4.36 **stopped** stopped up

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee.
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind,
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee.
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! *Exeunt [together]*

4.57 *together* Marcus often behaves protectively, helping and sheltering her, or even carrying her.

Sc. 5

3.1 *Enter the [Tribunes as] Judges and Senators with Titus' two sons [Martius and Quintus] bound, passing over the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading*

TITUS Hear me, grave fathers! Noble Tribunes, stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept.
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watched,
And for these bitter tears which now you see,
Filling the agèd wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls is not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him

5.11.1 lieth down Usually on his stomach, as though he were prostrating himself to a king or a god; it is not clear when he rises.

For these two, Tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite.
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

Exeunt [all but Titus]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins

4.39 **tedious** laboriously executed
4.39 **sampler** Philomel told her tale and identified her ravisher by embroidering on a sampler (tapestry)
4.40 **mean** means
4.51 **Cerberus . . . Thracian poet** Orpheus (the poet), on his way to rescue Eurydice, put Cerberus, the three-headed watchdog, to sleep by playing his lyre.

3.1 5.5 watched stayed awake, been on duty
5.13 **languor** grief
5.14 **stanch** satisfy
5.15 **shame** feel shame

Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow
And keep eternal springtime on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn

O reverend Tribunes! O gentle, agèd men,
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

LUCIUS O noble father, you lament in vain.
The Tribunes hear you not. No man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

TITUS Ah Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

LUCIUS My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

TITUS Why, 'tis no matter, man. If they did hear,
They would not mark me; oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me.

D1 Yet plead I must,
D2 And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who—though they cannot answer my distress—
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me,
And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribunes like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones.
A stone is silent and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

LUCIUS To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

TITUS O happy man! They have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine. How happy art thou then
From these devourers to be banishèd!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus with Lavinia

5.22.1 ***weapon drawn*** Titus must take the weapon away before Lucius and Marcus exit together in search of an axe to cut off a hand.

5.23 O reverend Tribunes He may or may not realize that they have left.

5.19 **still** continually
5.22 **So** on condition that
5.26 **prevailing orators** persuasive advocates
5.29 **stone** referring to the paving stones or cobblestones of an ancient or early modern city street
5.35.D2 **bootless** in vain
5.38 **in some sort** in a way, to some extent
5.39 **intercept** interrupt
5.42 **grave weeds** solemn clothes
5.43 **afford** provide

MARCUS Titus, prepare thy agèd eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break.
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
TITUS Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
MARCUS This was thy daughter.
TITUS Why, Marcus, so she is.
LUCIUS Ay me, this object kills me!
TITUS Faint-hearted-boy, arise and look upon her.—
Speak, Lavinia, what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like Nilus it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword; I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nursed this woe in feeding life.
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.
LUCIUS Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?
MARCUS O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear.
LUCIUS O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
MARCUS O, thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.
TITUS It was my dear, and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he killed me dead;
For now I stand as one upon a rock
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I do

5.65 arise Lucius must have sat, fallen, or knelt, or perhaps fainted at the sight of Lavinia's injuries. He presumably rises at his father's command, with or without help.

5.64 **object** spectacle
5.68 **fool . . . sea** proverbial
5.71 **Nilus** the river Nile
5.75 **bootless** pointless, vain
5.81 **martyred** mutilated
5.82 **engine** instrument (her tongue)
5.83 **blabbed** uttered
5.90 **unrecuring** incurable
5.96 **Expecting . . . when** awaiting . . . the moment when
5.96 **envious** malignant
5.97 **his** its
5.101 **spurn** contemptuous blow

Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee.
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! Ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honeydew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

MARCUS Perchance she weeps because they killed her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

TITUS If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle and thy brother Lucius
And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness
And made a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

LUCIUS Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretchèd sister sobs and weeps.

MARCUS Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

TITUS Ah Marcus, Marcus! Brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

LUCIUS Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

TITUS Mark, Marcus, mark. I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin with his true tears all bewet
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O what a sympathy of woe is this—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron the Moor alone

5.110 Look Lavinia 'makes signs of sorrow lifting up her eyes and then hanging down her head and moving her stumps'.

5.137 sobs and weeps Lavinia 'turns up her eyes and then hangs down her head as weeping'.

5.143 her signs she 'shakes her head and points at Marcus's handkerchief, as refusing to have her eyes wiped'.

5.105 **lively** living
5.109 **this** this time
5.121 **do thee ease** relieve you
5.123 **fountain** spring, pool
5.129 **made** i.e. it (the clearness of the pool) is made
5.140 **napkin** handkerchief
5.141 **drowned** soaked
5.149 **Limbo** the abode of the unbaptized dead (here used loosely for 'hell')
5.149 **bliss** heaven

AARON THE MOOR Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word: that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand
And send it to the King. He for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
TITUS O gracious Emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
LUCIUS Stay, father—for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent. My hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
MARCUS Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death.
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
AARON THE MOOR Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
MARCUS My hand shall go.
LUCIUS By heaven, it shall not go.
TITUS Sirs, strive no more. Such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
LUCIUS Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.
MARCUS And for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
TITUS Agree between you. I will spare my hand.
LUCIUS Then I'll go fetch an axe.
MARCUS But I will use the axe.
Exeunt [Lucius and Marcus]
TITUS Come hither, Aaron. I'll deceive them both.
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
AARON THE MOOR If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
[Aside] But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass.

He cuts off Titus' hand

Enter Lucius and Marcus again

TITUS Now stay your strife. What shall be is dispatched.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.
Tell him it was a hand that warded him

5.189 ***Aside*** Alternatively, Aaron's speech could begin two lines earlier.
5.190.1 ***cuts off*** with his own sword, or with the weapon Titus took from Lucius, or with something improvised
5.190.2 ***Lucius and Marcus*** (presumably carrying an axe)

5.167 **Which of your hands** have the hands of either of you
5.179 **shall be** am to be
5.187 **that** i.e. the cutting off of hands
5.193 **warded** guarded

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it.
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price—
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

AARON THE MOOR I go, Andronicus, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[Aside] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace:
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *Exit*

TITUS O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth.

[He kneels]

If any power pities wretchèd tears,
To that I call.

[Lavinia kneels]

What, wouldst thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

MARCUS O brother, speak with possibility,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

TITUS Is not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

MARCUS But yet let reason govern thy lament.

TITUS If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs doth blow.
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge overflowed and drowned;
Forwhy my bowels cannot hide their woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand

MESSENGER Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor.

5.200 **Look** expect
5.202 **fat** feed, i.e. delight
5.210 **breathe the welkin dim** make the heavens misty
5.211 **sometime clouds** clouds sometimes do
5.212 **melting** weeping (with rain)
5.213 **with possibility** what is possible
5.216 **passions** expressions of suffering
5.223 **coil** turmoil
5.226 **with** by
5.229 **Forwhy** because
5.229 **bowels** thought of as the seat of the emotions
5.231–2 **losers . . . tongues** proverbial

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back—
Thy grief their sports, thy resolution mocked,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death. *Exit*

MARCUS Now let hot Etna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell.
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

LUCIUS Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound
And yet detested life not shrink thereat—
That ever death should let life bear his name
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

[Lavinia kisses the heads]

MARCUS Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

TITUS When will this fearful slumber have an end?

MARCUS Now farewell, flatt'ry! Die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber. See thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretchèd eyes.
Now is a time to storm. Why art thou still?

TITUS Ha, ha, ha!

MARCUS Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

TITUS Why, I have not another tear to shed.
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that hath committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

5.248.1 ***Lavinia kisses the heads*** She might kiss Titus or Lucius, but the 1620 German translation records that she 'is horrified, looks up to heaven and moans; then she walks to the heads and kisses them.'

5.237 **sports** amusements
5.238 **That** so that
5.240 **Etna** a volcano in Sicily
5.243 **weep with them that weep** biblical (Romans 12:15)
5.243 **some deal** somewhat
5.247 **bear his name** i.e. still be called life
5.248 **interest** right, concern
5.250 **starvèd** famished, numb with cold
5.252 **flatt'ry** pleasing delusion (that he is asleep)
5.255 **dear** dire, grievous
5.258 **will I control** do I wish to restrain
5.268 **tributary** paying tribute (to sorrow, the enemy)
5.272 **mischiefs** calamities
5.272–3 **returned . . . hath** turned back on those very people who have
5.275 **heavy** sad

[They form a circle and make a vow]

The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And in these things, Lavinia, thou shalt be employed:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight.
Thou art an exile and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths and raise an army there,
And if ye love me (as I think you do)
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

Exeunt [with the body parts. Manet Lucius]

LUCIUS Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again;
He loves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister.
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. *Exit Lucius.*

5.277 ***make a vow*** The German adaptation reports: 'Now Titus Andronicus falls upon his knees and begins to chant a dirge, all the others sitting down by the heads. Titus takes up his hand, holds it up and looks to heaven, sobs and repeats the oath softly; he beats his breast and at the conclusion of the oath sets the hand aside. Then he takes up one head and then the other, swearing by each one in turn. Finally he goes to [his daughter], who is kneeling, and swears by her also, as he did with the others, whereupon they all rise again.'

5.299 ***Exit*** in a different direction from the preceding exit of his family

3.2

A banquet. Enter Titus Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy (Puer)

TITUS So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

[They sit]

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot.
Thy niece and I (poor creatures) want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
Who, when my heart (all mad with misery)
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.

[He beats his chest with his right hand]

[To Lavinia] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.

3.2 This scene, first found in the 1623 Folio, is apparently an addition written (probably by Thomas Middleton) for a revival after Shakespeare's death. The play can be, and has been, performed without it.

3.2.0.1 ***A banquet*** A table with a light meal and chairs are revealed or carried on (possibly by servants, who could remain onstage throughout the scene).

3.2.1 sit They must all sit at some point hereabouts.

5.284 **Hie** hasten
5.290 **loves . . . life** i.e. will risk his life to fulfil his vows
5.292 **tofore** formerly
5.297 **Tarquin and his queen** Tarquin and his royal family were banished from Rome after he had raped Lucrece.
5.298 **power** arms
3.2.1 **look** be sure
3.2.4 **unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot** unfold your arms, folded in sorrow
3.2.6 **passionate** feelingly express
3.2.8 **tyrannize** (by beating)
3.2.9 **Who** which
3.2.12 **map** image, projection

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans,
Or get some little knife between thy teeth
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
MARCUS Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
TITUS How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Aeneas tell the tale twice o'er
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.
Come, let's fall to—and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says.
I can interpret all her martyred signs.
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.
PUER Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments.
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
MARCUS Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
TITUS Peace, tender sapling. Thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus strikes the dish with a knife
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
MARCUS At that that I have killed, my lord—a fly.
TITUS Out on thee, murderer! Thou kill'st my heart.
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny.
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone.
I see thou art not for my company.
MARCUS Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.
TITUS 'But'? How if that fly had a father, brother?

3.2.16–17 get . . . hole Lavinia may attempt to follow his instructions.

3.2.15 **Wound . . . with sighing** Sighs were supposed to draw blood from the heart.
3.2.20 **fool** (often used affectionately)
3.2.31 **square** regulate
3.2.36 **martyred signs** gestures necessitated by, and impeded by, her mutilation (with reference to the signifying injuries of Christian martyrs)
3.2.38 **mashed** brewed
3.2.40 **perfect** expert, fully-informed
3.2.44 **of** from
3.2.45 **still** continued
3.2.48 **passion** sorrow

How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry—and thou hast killed him.
MARCUS Pardon me, sir, it was a black ill-favoured fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor. Therefore I killed him.
TITUS O, O, O!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife. I will insult on him,
Flattering myself as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
[He takes a knife and strikes]
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora! Ah, sirrah,
Yet I think we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
MARCUS Alas poor man! Grief has so wrought on him
He takes false shadows for true substances.
TITUS Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me.
I'll to thy closet and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd in the times of old.
Come boy, and go with me, Thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle. *Exeunt*

3.2.73.1 ***He takes a knife and strikes*** His actions here can be frightening or comic, frenetically short, or prolonged.

3.2.74 sirrah Titus establishes a more intimate relationship with whomever this is addressed to. The boy is favoured in many recent productions.

3.2.80 take away This could be addressed to mute servants, or to his brother, daughter, and grandson.

Sc. 6

4.1 *Enter Lucius' son, and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus [with a staff].*

PUER Help, grandsire, help! My aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
MARCUS Stand by me, Lucius. Do not fear thine aunt.
TITUS She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
PUER Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
MARCUS What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
TITUS Fear her not, Lucius, somewhat doth she mean.
[MARCUS] See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's *Orator*.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

4.1 6.0.2 ***Enter Titus and Marcus*** (probably from a different direction from Lavinia and Lucius)

6.1 Help, grandsire Lucius may drop his books here or at any time in the next four lines.

6.4 I know not what you mean Lavinia and the other characters may be very frustrated during this scene by the difficulties of communication.

3.2.66 **ill-favoured** hard-featured, ugly
3.2.71 **insult on** triumph over
3.2.72 **Flattering myself as if** pleasing myself with the thought that
3.2.74 **sirrah** (usually addressed to a social inferior, sometimes affectionately)
3.2.81 **closet** private room
3.2.84 **mine begin to dazzle** my eyes grow dim
4.1 6.12 Cornelia mother of the Gracchi, who devoted herself to their education and was regarded as the ideal Roman mother
6.13 **Read to** taught
6.14 **Tully's *Orator*** Cicero's *De Oratore*
6.15 **plies** importunes

PUER My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft
Extremity of griefs would make men mad,
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow. That made me to fear,
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
MARCUS Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over the books with her stumps]

TITUS How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
[To Lavinia] But thou art deeper read and better skilled.
Come and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow till the heavens
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.
What book?—Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
MARCUS I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was,
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
TITUS Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
PUER Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.
My mother gave it me.
MARCUS For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.
TITUS Soft, so busily she turns the leaves.
Help her. What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape,
And rape, I fear, was root of thy annoy.
MARCUS See, brother, see. Note how she quotes the leaves.

[Titus reads]

TITUS Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl?
Ravished and wronged as *Philomela* was?
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

6.37 What book? This question, offer many opportunities, including solicitude or growing frustration.

6.51 sweet girl? Lavinia signs agreement, emphatically and often emotionally, and may do so in response to each detail in his questions.

6.20 **Hecuba** See 1.139
6.24 **but in fury** except in a fit of madness
6.27 **go** i.e. will accompany us
6.33 **deeper read** i.e. than to read school books
6.39 **fact** crime
6.42 **Ovid's *Metamorphoses*** The classic Latin collection of tales was a staple of an Elizabethan literary education.
6.47 **Philomel** See 3.43.
6.49 **annoy** mental anguish
6.50 **quotes** examines
6.53 **Forced** raped
6.53 **ruthless** unpitying
6.53 **vast** desolate
6.56 **Patterned by** on the pattern of

MARCUS O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
TITUS Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
MARCUS Sit down, sweet niece. Brother, sit down by me.

They sit.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here. Look here, Lavinia.

He writes his name with his staff and guides it with feet and mouth

This sandy plot is plain. Guide, if thou canst,
This after me. I here haue writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth.

She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes

O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
TITUS '*Stuprum*—Chiron—Demetrius.'
MARCUS What, what!—The lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?
TITUS *Magni Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera, tam lentus vides?
MARCUS O, calm thee, gentle lord, although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,

All kneel

And swear with me—, as with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame
Lord Junius Brutus swore for Lucrece' rape—
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood or die with this reproach.

They rise

TITUS 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware.

6.76–7 O . . . Demetrius Both of these lines are spoken by Titus in the 1623 edition.

6.88 swear with me Oaths are often sworn on a sword.

6.62 **Tarquin** See 5.297.
6.62 **erst** formerly
6.66 **find** discover the truth about
6.68 **plain** flat
6.71 **shift** expedient
6.73 **will have discovered** wishes to be revealed
6.77 ***Stuprum*** rape (Latin)
6.80–1 ***Magni . . . vides*** 'Ruler of the great heavens, art thou so slow to hear, so slow to see, crimes?' (adapted from Seneca's play *Phaedra*)
6.85 **exclaims** exclamations, protests
6.87 **Roman Hector** i.e. Lucius, champion of Rome as Hector was of Troy
6.88 **fere** husband
6.90 **Junius Brutus** leader of those who drove the Tarquins from Rome; see *Lucrece* 1807–end.
6.91 **good advice** careful consideration
6.93 **reproach** dishonour

The dam will wake, and if she wind ye once
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus. Let alone,
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's our lesson then? Boy, what say you?

PUER I say, my lord, that if I were a man
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these base bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

MARCUS Ay, that's my boy! Thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

PUER And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

TITUS Come, go with me into mine armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

PUER Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

TITUS No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house.
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court,
Ay, marry, will we, sir, and we'll be waited on. *Exeunt [all but Marcus]*

MARCUS O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! *Exit.*

6.106 if I were a man This phrase is often played as a pivotal moment in a boy's evolution into violent manhood.

Sc. 7

4.2 *Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door, and at the other door Puer (young Lucius) and another with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them*

CHIRON Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius.
He hath some message to deliver us.

AARON THE MOOR Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

PUER My lords, with all the humbleness I may
I greet your honours from Andronicus,
[Aside] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

4.2 7.0.2 *young Lucius* (often conspicuously vulnerable, surrounded by three older, larger, violent men)
7.0.2 *another* (presumably a servant, possibly another boy)

6.96 **wind** get wind of, scent
6.99 **list** pleases
6.100 **young** inexperienced
6.100 **Let alone** let it alone
6.101 **leaf of brass** sheet of brass: proverbially, 'Injuries are written in brass' (Dent, I71)
6.102 **gad** spike
6.104 **Sibyl's leaves** leaves on which the mystical Sybil of Cumae wrote prophecies, which sometimes blew away before they could be read
6.108 **bondmen** slaves
6.113 **fit** equip
6.119 **look to** look after, take care of
6.120 **brave it** cut a fine figure
6.123 **compassion** pity
6.124 **ecstasy** madness
6.128 **Revenge the heavens** may the heavens take revenge
4.2 7.6 confound destroy

DEMETRIUS Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?
PUER *[Aside]* That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
For villains marked with rape.
[To Demetrius and Chiron] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say;
[He and his attendant present the weapons and verses]
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships that, whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed well;
And so I leave you both *[aside]* like bloody villains. *Exit with attendant*
DEMETRIUS What's here—a scroll, and written round about?
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget mauri iaculis nec arcu.
CHIRON O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well.
I read it in the grammar long ago.
AARON THE MOOR Ay, just, a verse in Horace; right, you have it.
[Aside] Now what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest. The old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound beyond their feeling to the quick.
But were our witty Empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.
[To Chiron and Demetrius] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers and, more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good before the palace gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.
DEMETRIUS But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.
AARON THE MOOR Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
DEMETRIUS I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
CHIRON A charitable wish, and full of love.
AARON THE MOOR Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
CHIRON And that would she, for twenty thousand more.

7.7 **Gramercy** many thanks
7.8–9 **deciphered . . . For** detected . . . as
7.10 **well-advised** having thought seriously about it (and being in his right mind)
7.12 **gratify** grace
7.16 **appointed** equipped
7.18 **round about** all round
7.20–1 ***Integer . . . arcu*** 'The man who is upright in life and free from crime does not need the Moor's bow or javelins' (Latin; Horace, *Odes*, 1.22).
7.23 **grammar** Latin grammar book. These lines from Horace are quoted in William Lily's grammar, much used in Elizabethan schools.
7.24 **just** precisely
7.26 **sound** wholesome, straightforward
7.28 **wound . . . quick** i.e. wound them grievously though they are too thick-skinned to notice it
7.29 **witty** sharp-witted
7.29 **afoot** up and about, on the scene
7.30 **conceit** device
7.33 **strangers** foreigners
7.36 **brave** defy
7.36 **To brave . . . hearing** (not shown in the play)
7.38 **insinuate** flatter, curry favour
7.42 **At such a bay** cornered like that (a hunting metaphor)

DEMETRIUS Come, let us go and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.
AARON THE MOOR Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

Trumpets sound.

DEMETRIUS Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
CHIRON Belike for joy the Emperor hath a son.
DEMETRIUS Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse with a blackamoor child

NURSE Good morrow, lords.
O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
AARON THE MOOR Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
NURSE O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
AARON THE MOOR Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy arms?
NURSE O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace.
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.
AARON THE MOOR To whom?
NURSE I mean she is brought abed.
AARON THE MOOR Well, God give her good rest. What hath he sent her?
NURSE A devil.
AARON THE MOOR Why then, she is the devil's dam. A joyful issue!
NURSE A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fair-faced breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
AARON THE MOOR 'Swounds, ye whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowze, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
DEMETRIUS Villain, what hast thou done?
AARON THE MOOR That which thou canst not undo.
CHIRON Thou hast undone our mother.
AARON THE MOOR Villain, I have done thy mother.
DEMETRIUS And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damned her loathèd choice,
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend.
CHIRON It shall not live.
AARON THE MOOR It shall not die.
NURSE Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
AARON THE MOOR What, must it, Nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

7.72 Sweet blowze Aaron redirects his speech from the Nurse to the child, no doubt with a marked shift in tone.

7.47 **pains** labour pains
7.50 **Belike** probably
7.51.1 ***Nurse*** presumably a wet-nurse (a servant woman who has recently given birth herself, and breast-feeds the newborn babies of wealthy mothers)
7.53 **more** punning on 'Moor'
7.53 **ne'er a whit** not a bit
7.58 **fumble** bundle up
7.62 **brought abed** delivered of a child
7.64 **devil** often thought of as black
7.65 **devil's dam** proverbial (Tilley, D225)
7.65–6 **issue . . . issue** outcome . . . offspring
7.68 **clime** region
7.71 **'Swounds** i.e. God's (Christ's) wounds (a strong oath)
7.72 **blowze** rosy-cheeked wench (ironical)
7.74 **done** used sexually
7.76 **chance** fortune

DEMETRIUS I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me. My sword shall soon dispatch it.
AARON THE MOOR Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[He takes the child and draws his sword]

Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this, my first born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-limed walls, ye alehouse painted signs,
Coal-black is better than another hue
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocëan
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Emprèss from me I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
DEMETRIUS Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
AARON THE MOOR My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
DEMETRIUS By this our mother is for ever shamed.
CHIRON Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
NURSE The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
CHIRON I blush to think upon this ignomy.
AARON THE MOOR Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of thy heart.
Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
Look how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were

7.84 Sooner this sword Aaron often makes a protective gesture over the child while drawing his weapon.

7.82 **broach** spit, impale
7.87 **got** conceived
7.90 **Enceladus** in Greek mythology, one of the Titans who warred against the Olympian gods
7.91 **Typhon** a monster, father of the Titans, who also warred against the gods
7.92 **Alcides** Hercules
7.94 **sanguine** red-faced (as opposed to black)
7.95 **white-limed** whitewashed (possible pun on 'white-limbed'). Perhaps alluding to the use of white make-up to give the play's Goths unusually pale skin, traditionally associated with peoples from the far north. In sixteenth-century England, to call a man 'white' was not a compliment.
7.95 **alehouse painted signs** garish figures, as on crudely painted tavern signs
7.96 **Coal-black . . . hue** proverbial (Tilley, B436)
7.105 **vigour** representation, image
7.107 **maugre** in spite of
7.108 **smoke** suffer
7.110 **escape** escapade, transgression
7.111 **doom** decree
7.112 **ignomy** ignominy
7.115 **close enacts** secret purposes
7.116 **leer** complexion
7.119 **sensibly** manifestly
7.120 **Of that self** with that same

He is enfranchisèd, and come to light.
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.
NURSE Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?
DEMETRIUS Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice.
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
AARON THE MOOR Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you.
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
DEMETRIUS *[to the Nurse]* How many women saw this child of his?
AARON THE MOOR Why, so, brave lords, when we do join in league
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
[To the Nurse] But say again, how many saw the child?
NURSE Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the delivered Empress.
AARON THE MOOR The Emperess, the midwife, and yourself.
Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
Go to the Empress, tell her this I said.

He kills her

'Wheak, wheak'—so cries a pig preparèd to the spit.
DEMETRIUS What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
AARON THE MOOR O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours—
A long-tongued, babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced
And be receivèd for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, you see I have given her physic,
And you must needs bestow her funeral.
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

7.129 Then sit we down Aaron commands everyone to sit. Presumably they do so either here or within the next three lines. 'All sit down upon the ground, and the Moor at a distance with his Sword between' (RAVENSCROFT).

7.142 tell her this I said Presumably he approaches her as though to whisper something, giving him the opportunity to stab her.

7.122 **enfranchisèd** set free
7.123 **the surer side** i.e. the mother's (proverbial: Tilley, M1205)
7.126 **Advise thee** consider
7.127 **subscribe to** agree to follow
7.128 **so** so long as
7.130 **have the wind of** keep upwind of, keep watch (like hunters)
7.134 **brave** defy
7.135 **chafèd** enraged
7.136 **swells not so as** shows less anger than
7.141 **Two . . . away** a modification of the proverbial idea that 'Two people can keep a secret when one is subtracted' (that is, don't tell your secrets to anyone, because no one can be trusted not to blab)
7.143 **to** for
7.145 **policy** expediency, cunning
7.149–50 **one . . . wife** the wife of one Muliteus, my fellow countryman
7.152 **pack** conspire
7.153 **the circumstance of all** all the particulars
7.159 **given her physic** administered medicine to the Nurse (ironic)
7.160 **bestow** provide
7.161 **grooms** fellows
7.162 **days** time

The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.
CHIRON Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
DEMETRIUS For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
Exeunt [Chiron and Demetrius with the Nurse's body]
AARON THE MOOR Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies,
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And fat on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. *Exit [with the child]*

Sc. 8

4.3 *Enter Titus, old Marcus, [his son Publius], young Lucius (Puer), and other gentlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them*

4.3 8.0.2 ***other gentlemen*** (named as Sempronius and Caius later)

TITUS Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery.
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astrea reliquit.
Be you remembered, Marcus: she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocëan and cast your nets.
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.
No, Publius and Sempronius, you must do it.
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's regïon,
Deliver him, I pray you, this petition.
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched.
This wicked Emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.
MARCUS O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distraught?

7.170 **dispose** dispose of
7.173 **puts us to our shifts** causes all our trouble
7.176 **cabin** lodge
4.3 8.3 home to the full extent
8.4 ***Terras Astraea reliquit.*** 'Astraea (goddess of justice) has left the earth' (Latin; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I.150)
8.5 **Be you remembered** remember
8.9 **there's** there (in the sea)
8.11 **mattock** agricultural tool resembling a pickaxe
8.13 **Pluto** god of the underworld
8.19 **What time** when
8.24 **pipe** whistle, i.e. seek in vain
8.25 **heavy case** sad affair

PUBLIUS Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns
By day and night t'attend him carefully
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.
MARCUS Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,
But [ ]
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
TITUS Publius, how now? How now, my masters?
What, have you met with her?
PUBLIUS No, my good lord, but Pluto sends you word
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove, in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
TITUS He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear;
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

He gives them the arrows

'Ad Iovem', thats for you. Here, *'ad Apollinem'*.
'Ad Martem', that's for myself.
Here, boy, 'to Pallas'. Here 'to Mercury',
'To Saturn', Caius—not 'to Saturnine'!
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect.
There's not a god left unsolicited.
MARCUS Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court.
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.
TITUS Now, masters, draw.

[They shoot]

O, well said, Lucius!

8.29 **feed his humour** attend to his mood
8.30 **careful** costing trouble
8.32 **But . . .** In the earliest edition 'But' occurs at the foot of the page where it would normally anticipate the first word of the next page; the printer evidently went straight to the following line. BATE suggests the line may have read 'let us live in hope that Lucius will'.
8.34 **wreak** vengeance
8.37 **her** Justice/Astraea
8.39 **will** desire to
8.40 **for** as for
8.42 **stay a time** wait a while
8.44 **burning lake** Phlegethon, the burning river of Hades
8.45 **Acheron** another river in Hades
8.46 **cedars** proverbially the tallest tree
8.47 **Cyclops** one-eyed giants in Homer's Odyssey
8.52 **wreak** avenge
8.53 **gear** business
8.54–5 ***'Ad Iovem' . . . 'ad Apollinem'*** . . . ***'Ad Martem'*** to Jove . . . to Apollo . . . to Mars (Latin)
8.56 **Pallas** Minerva, goddess of wisdom
8.58 **were as good to** might as well
8.59 **loose** shoot
8.64 **well said** well done

Good boy: in Virgo's lap! Give it Pallas.
MARCUS My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon.
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.
TITUS Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
MARCUS This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,
The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the Empress' villain!
She laughed, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
TITUS Why, there it goes. God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two pigeons in it

TITUS News, news from heaven; Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? What says Jupiter?
CLOWN Ho, the gibbet-maker? He says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.
TITUS But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
CLOWN Alas, sir, I know not 'Jupiter'. I never drank with him in all my life.
TITUS Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
CLOWN Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
TITUS Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
CLOWN From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperal's men.

D1 MARCUS Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration,
D2 and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.
D3 TITUS Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a
D4 grace?
D5 CLOWN Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

TITUS Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold—*[giving money]* meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.

8.69 See . . . horns something falls from the 'heavens' but it is possible that this is imagined.

8.65 **Virgo** the constellation, identified with Astraea after her departure from the earth
8.65 **Pallas** i.e. to Pallas
8.66 **aim a mile beyond the moon** Titus may understand the words literally, but they also were used of absurdly extravagant talk.
8.67 **this** this time
8.69, 71 **Taurus . . . Aries** the Bull and the Ram, signs of the zodiac
8.71 **galled** grazed
8.73 **villain** servant (with word-play on the modern sense)
8.75 **them** the horns, as the sign of the cuckold
8.76.1 ***Clown*** rustic
8.77 **post** postman, courier
8.80 **gibbet-maker** 'Jupiter' could be pronounced with a medial 'b'; the Clown mishears it as 'gibbeter'.
8.83 **I know not 'Jupiter'** The Clown now understands that Titus is using a proper name (or possibly still mishears 'gibetter').
8.88 **came** went
8.89 **bold to** presumptuous as to
8.89 **press** push forward
8.90 **tribunal plebs** a blunder for '*tribunis plebis*', 'tribune of the people'
8.90 **take up** settle in a friendly fashion
8.91 **Emperal** a blunder for 'Emperor'
8.91.D1–D5 **MARCUS Why . . . life.** Here begins a false start, or first draft of 8.92–7; it was apparently intended for deletion.
8.91.D1 **oration** supplication, (written) plea
8.95 **charges** expenses

[To gentlemen] Give me pen and ink.—Sirrah, can you with a grace
Deliver up a supplicatïon?

CLOWN Ay, sir.

TITUS Then here is a supplication for you, and when you come to him,
at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver
up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir,
see you do it bravely.

CLOWN I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

TITUS Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oratïon,
So thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
[To Clown] And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

CLOWN God be with you sir. I will. *Exit*

TITUS Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me. *Exeunt*

8.99 Then here is a supplication Titus is often portrayed writing the supplication in front of the Clown at this moment and handing him the paper.

Sc. 9

4.4 *Enter Saturninus the Emperor, and Tamora the Empress, and her two sons (Chiron and Demetrius), and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him*

4.4 9.0.1 ***Enter*** There may be a throne.

SATURNINUS Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal justice used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath passed
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's 'to Jove', and this 'to Mercury',
This 'to Apollo', this 'to the god of war'—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the Senate
And blazoning our unjustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom if she sleep

8.96 **Give me pen and ink** Portable writing materials were common in Shakespeare's time.
8.96 **with a grace** gracefully (the Clown understands as thanksgiving at a meal, often given in Latin)
8.102 **bravely** stylishly
8.103 **let me alone** leave it to me
8.106 **thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.** by making the knife or the paper bend, or placing the knife inside something white and soft, you have made it resemble someone bowing and asking for help (rather than someone threatening violence)

4.4 9.2 overborne insolently treated
9.3 **for the extent** in return for the exercise
9.4 **equal** equitable, impartial
9.8 **even** in accordance
9.11 **wreaks** vindictive deeds
9.19 **humour** caprice
9.20 **As who would** as if to
9.21 **feignèd ecstasies** assumed fits of madness
9.24–5 **she . . . she** Justice, traditionally gendered as female (like the goddess Astrae)

He'll so awake as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

TAMORA My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sons
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarred his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. *[Aside]* Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all.
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick.
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

CLOWN Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be Emperial.

TAMORA Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

CLOWN 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good-e'en.
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

Saturninus reads the letter

SATURNINUS *[to an attendant]* Go, take him away, and hang him presently!

CLOWN How much money must I have?

TAMORA Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

CLOWN Hanged, by' Lady? Then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.
[Exit, guarded]

SATURNINUS Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne?—As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair.
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman,
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Aemilius

SATURNINUS What news with thee, Aemilius?

AEMILIUS Arm, arm, my lord! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men bent to the spoil
They hither march amain under conduct

9.35 **High-witted** clever, cunning
9.35 **gloze** talk smoothly
9.40 **an** if
9.42–3 **good-e'en** The greeting was used at any time after noon.
9.47 **by' Lady** an abbreviation of the Christian oath 'by our Lady' (the Virgin Mary), but perhaps also suggesting 'hanged by order of a lady' (Tamora) and 'hanged alongside a lady'
9.47 **neck** (punning on 'laying of a charge in law')
9.47 **end** death; rope's end; conclusion of a legal action
9.55 **shape privilege** afford immunity
9.57 **holp'st** helped
9.58.1 ***Nuntius*** messenger (Latin), a standard character in Senecan tragedy and medieval drama
9.61 **gathered head** raised an army
9.63 **amain** speedily

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus,
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
SATURNINUS Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head,
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much.
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walkèd like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their Emperor.
TAMORA Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?
SATURNINUS Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.
TAMORA King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know thou, Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
SATURNINUS But he will not entreat his son for us.
TAMORA If Tamora entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his agèd ears
With golden promises that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[To Aemilius] Go thou before; be our ambassador.
Say that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
SATURNINUS Aemilius, do this message honourably,
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
AEMILIUS Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit*
TAMORA Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

9.66 **Coriolanus** a Roman general, hero of Shakespeare's tragedy *Coriolanus*, who like Lucius was banished from Rome and led an army against it.
9.79–81 **King . . . sun . . . eagle** each the head of its order of creation
9.82 **careful** worried
9.84 **stint** stop
9.85 **giddy** fickle
9.89 **honey-stalks** clover (which, in excess, can harm sheep)
9.90 **When as** when
9.91 **rotted with** affected by the rot (a liver-disease in sheep)
9.94 **smooth** flatter
9.103 **stand on hostage** demand security
9.107 **temper** work on

And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
SATURNINUS Then go incessantly, and plead to him. *Exeunt [severally]*

Sc. 10

5.1 *[Flourish.] Enter Lucius with an army of Goths, with drums and soldiers*

10.0.1 *drums* indicates that the army enters marching

LUCIUS Approvèd warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome
Which signifies what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be as your titles witness:
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfactïon.
A GOTH Brave slip sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us. We'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursèd Tamora.
ALL GOTHS And as he saith, so say we all with him.
LUCIUS I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading of Aaron with his child in his arms

A GOTH Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,

9.111 **incessantly** immediately
5.1 **10.1 Approvèd** proven, seasoned
10.7 **scath** harm
10.8 **treble** threefold, more than the usual amount
10.9 **slip** scion, offspring
10.13 **bold** confident
10.15 **master** The leader of a hive of bees, the queen bee, was thought to be a male.
10.23 **wasted** ruined
10.26 **controlled** calmed
10.27 **tawny** yellowish-brown
10.27 **dam** mother
10.28 **bewray** show
10.28 **brat** child (not necessarily abusive)
10.29 **but** only
10.30 **villain** used playfully; also 'villein' (serf), in contrast to emperor
10.33 **rates** scolds

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

LUCIUS O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
This is the pearl that pleased your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of her burning lust.
[To Aaron] Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speak? What, dumb? Deaf? Not a word?
A halter, soldiers! Hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

AARON THE MOOR Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

LUCIUS Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[A Goth brings a ladder, which Aaron climbs]

AARON THE MOOR Lucius, save the child
And bear it from me to the Empëress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all.'

LUCIUS Say on, and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

AARON THE MOOR And if it please thee? Why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthfull to hear yet piteously performed,
And this shall all be buried in my death
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

LUCIUS Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

AARON THE MOOR Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

LUCIUS Who should I swear by? Thou believ'st no god.
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

AARON THE MOOR What if I do not?—as indeed I do not—
Yet for I know thou art religïous
And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

10.53.1 ***Goth . . . climbs*** It is not clear exactly when Aaron climbs the ladder, whether he is forced, whether there is a noose around his neck, when he hands over the child (or has it taken from him), whether the child is held by Lucius or one of the Goths, nor whether the child is physically threatened in order to keep Aaron talking. Climbing the ladder with his hands tied would be difficult; but ascending the ladder lets him dominate visually during his three long speeches, and also adds an element of suspense about whether he will fall.

10.36 **hold** regard, esteem
10.39 **use . . . of** deal with
10.44 **wall-eyed** with glaring eyes
10.50 **for ever being** ever to be
10.65 **Complots** conspiracies, plots
10.66 **Ruthful** lamentable
10.66 **piteously** in a way that would excite pity
10.69 **Tell on** speak, reveal
10.76 **popish tricks and ceremonies** (a pejorative—and anachronistic—reference to Roman Catholic ceremonies)
10.78 **urge** insist upon
10.78 **for that** because
10.79 **bauble** a fool's or jester's stick

And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him, therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nurse and bring him up,
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

LUCIUS Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

AARON THE MOOR First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

LUCIUS O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

AARON THE MOOR Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon:
'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her,
And cut her hands and trimmed her as thou sawest.

LUCIUS O dètestable villain! Call'st thou that trimming?

AARON THE MOOR Why, she was washed and cut and trimmed, and 'twas
Trim sport for them which had the doing of it.

LUCIUS O barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

AARON THE MOOR Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set.
That bloody mind I think they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth:
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within that letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons.
And what not done that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with èxtreme laughter.
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the Empress of this sport,
She swoonèd almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

GOTH What, canst thou say all this and never blush?

AARON THE MOOR Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

LUCIUS Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

10.81 **To that I'll urge him** that (when occasion arises) I shall insist upon
10.88 **luxurious** lecherous
10.90 **To** compared with
10.93 **trimmed** a) barbered; b) raped
10.99 **codding** lustful, lecherous
10.100 **set** trick, game
10.102 **fought at head** Good bulldogs attacked the bull's head.
10.104 **trained** lured
10.111 **cheater** a) swindler; b) escheator, officer appointed to look after property forfeited to the Crown
10.114 **pried me** peered
10.122 **like a black dog** a proverbial phrase expressing shamelessness

AARON THE MOOR Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost was forgot,
And on their skins as on the bark of trees
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
But I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
LUCIUS Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

[Goths bring Aaron down the ladder]

AARON THE MOOR If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
LUCIUS Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

[Goths gag Aaron]

Enter Aemilius.

GOTH My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
LUCIUS Let him come near.
Welcome Aemilius. What's the news from Rome?
AEMILIUS Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me,
And for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately delivered.
GOTH What says our general?
LUCIUS Aemilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[Flourish. Exeunt marching to the sound of the drums]

10.151.2 ***Enter Aemilius*** Presumably he should either whisper or hand a paper to the Goth who announces him. Or the Goth enters before or alongside Aemilius.

10.130 **forswear** perjure
10.141 **But** but then, in addition
10.146 **presently** immediately
10.150 **But** but only

Sc. 11

5.2 *Enter Tamora and her two sons [Chiron and Demetrius, all] disguised*

TAMORA Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

They knock, and Titus [with papers] opens his study door

TITUS Who doth molest my contemplatïon?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down,
And what is written shall be executed.

TAMORA Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

TITUS No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it actïon?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

TAMORA If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

TITUS I am not mad, I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

TAMORA Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from th'infernal kingdom
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light.
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

TITUS Art thou Revenge? And art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

TAMORA I am. Therefore come down and welcome me.

5.2 11.0.1 ***disguised*** Tamora represents Revenge, perhaps by brandishing a dagger or displaying other images representing vengeance. Her sons are her ministers (11.60); they may also be dressed allegorically, or simply masked. Titus calls them Rape and Murder (11.45); this may indicate allegorical costuming, or simply mean that he recognizes them as Chiron and Demetrius, and therefore gives them appropriate allegorical names. Tamora may accept these identifications (11.62) to humour him (11.70).

11.14 bloody lines The papers are presumably written with red ink.

5.2 11.1 sad habiliment gloomy costume
11.5 **keeps** stays
11.11 **sad decrees** solemn resolutions
11.18 **actïon** expressive gesture
11.19 **odds of** advantage over
11.22 **lines** (presumably on his face)
11.23 **trenches** wrinkles
11.31 **gnawing vulture** alluding to the story of Prometheus: see note to 1.514
11.32 **wreakful** vengeful (a tautology for emphasis)
11.36 **vast obscurity** dark wasteland
11.38 **couch** seek refuge, lie hidden

TITUS Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands.
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe,
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away
And find out murderers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is laden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by thy wagon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea;
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.
TAMORA These are my ministers, and come with me.
TITUS Are these thy ministers? What are they called?
TAMORA Rapine and Murder, therefore callèd so
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
TITUS Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
And you the Empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. *[Exit]*
TAMORA *[to Chiron and Demetrius]* This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick humours
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

[Enter Titus]

TITUS Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house.
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?

11.46 **surance** pledge, guarantee
11.50 **proper palfreys** handsome riding horses
11.51 **hale** drag
11.53 **car** chariot
11.56 **Hyperion** the sun-god
11.63 **such kind of men** i.e. rapists and murderers
11.65 **worldly** of this world
11.70 **closing** agreeing
11.70 **fits** is appropriate to
11.71 **forge** invent
11.71 **humours** whims
11.76 **sure** safe
11.77 **practice** scheme
11.77 **out of hand** on the spur of the moment
11.80 **ply my theme** keep up the act

For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
TAMORA What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
DEMETRIUS Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
CHIRON Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
TAMORA Show me a thousand that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revengèd on them all.
TITUS *[to Demetrius]* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
[To Chiron] Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
[To Tamora] Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor.
Well shalt thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
TAMORA Well hast thou lessoned us. This shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
TITUS Marcus my brother! 'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths.
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his agèd father's life.
MARCUS This will I do, and soon return again. *[Exit Marcus]*
TAMORA Now will I hence about thy busïness,
And take my ministers along with me.

11.87 **wags** stirs
11.88 **but** unless
11.90 **convenient** fitting
11.101 **hap** chance
11.106 **proportion** shape, dimensions
11.107 **up and down** exactly
11.120 **device** plan
11.124 **repair** come

TITUS Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
TAMORA *[aside to her sons]* What say you, boys, will you abide with him
Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor
How I have governed our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
TITUS *[aside]* I knew them all, though they supposed me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices—
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam.
DEMETRIUS Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
TAMORA Farewell, Andronicus! Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.
TITUS I know thou dost, and sweet Revenge, farewell. *[Exit Tamora]*
CHIRON Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?
TITUS Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither! Caius, and Valentine!

[Enter Publius, Caius, and Valentine.]

PUBLIUS What is your will?
TITUS Know you these two?
PUBLIUS The Empress' sons I take them—Chiron, Demetrius.
TITUS Fie, Publius fie! Thou art too much deceived.
The one is Murder; Rape is the other's name,
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

[Publius, Caius, and Valentine bind Chiron and Demetrius]

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry. *[Exit]*
CHIRON Villains, forbear! We are the Empress' sons.
PUBLIUS And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths. Let them not speak a word.

[They gag Chiron and Demetrius]

Is he sure bound? Look that you bind them fast.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a basin

TITUS Come, come, Lavinia, look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths. Let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemned to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

11.157.1 ***bind Chiron and Demetrius*** Tamora's sons may attempt to escape, and certainly resist; this may be a very physical and prolonged struggle.

11.163 stop their mouths They are presumably making terrified sounds, even though they are gagged and cannot articulate words. Performances may here echo the sounds of Lavinia. During his speech their physical panic usually increases.

11.139 **governed our determined jest** managed the jest we planned
11.140 **smooth and speak him fair** flatter and humour him
11.141 **turn again** return
11.153 **take them** take them to be, recognise them
11.156 **therefore** for that very reason
11.159 **sure** securely

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame. You could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you:
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whiles that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be everyone officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

He cuts their throats

So, bring them in now, for I'll play the cook
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

Exeunt [carrying the bodies]

11.202.1 ***He . . . throats*** Lavinia has presumably moved close to collect their blood in her basin.

Sc. 12

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Goths [with their prisoner Aaron]

LUCIUS Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
GOTH And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
LUCIUS Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil.
Let him receive no sust'nance, fetter him
Till he be brought unto the Empress' face
For testimony of her foul proceedings,
And see the ambush of our friends be strong.
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

5.3 12.0.1 ***Goths*** Enough are required for some to escort Aaron (12.15) while others remain for the feast (12.27).

12.0.1 ***Aaron*** He or one of the Goths may also be carrying his child, who exits with him. But the child is not needed until 12.119, and may not be brought on until after the murders later.

11.187 **coffin** pie-crust (with wordplay)
11.188 **pasties** meat pies
11.190 **increase** offspring
11.192 **surfeit** feed overindulgently
11.194 **Progne** Philomel's sister. In revenge for Philomel's rape by her husband, Tereus, she killed their son Itylus and served his flesh to Tereus at a meal.
11.198 **temper** mix, moisten
11.200 **officious** assiduous, busy
11.202 **Centaurs' feast** referring to a battle which followed a wedding feast at which, according to Greek myth, the Centaurs carried off the women guests
11.204 **'gainst** by the time that
5.3 12.3 ours with thine i.e. our minds accord with yours
12.9 **ambush** troops lying in wait; secret guard

AARON THE MOOR Some devil whisper curses in my ear
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart.
LUCIUS Away, inhuman dog, unhallowed slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. *[Exeunt some Goths with Aaron]*
The trumpets show the Emperor is at hand.

Trumpets sounding. Enter Saturninus the Emperor and Tamora the Empress with Tribunes and others [including Aemilius and Senators]

SATURNINUS What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
LUCIUS What boots thee to call thyself a sun?
MARCUS Rome's Emperor and nephew, break the parle.
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath òrdained to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome.
Please you therefore draw nigh, and take your places.
SATURNINUS Marcus, we will.

Trumpets sounding. [A table brought in. They sit.] Enter Titus like a cook, placing the dishes [on the table], and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

TITUS Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread Queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs. Please you, eat of it.

[Tamora eats]

SATURNINUS Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
TITUS Because I would be sure to have all well
To entertain your highness and your Empress.
TAMORA We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
TITUS And if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand
Because she was enforced, stained, and deflowered?
SATURNINUS It was, Andronicus.
TITUS Your reason, mighty lord?
SATURNINUS Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
TITUS A reason mighty, strong, effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and likely warrant
For me most wretched to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[He kills her]

SATURNINUS What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

[Titus pulls off Lavinia's veil]

TITUS Killed her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,

12.25.1 *Trumpets sounding* The 1623 text instead calls for '*Hautboys*', an oboe-like instrument often used for ceremonial purposes, would distinguish the beginning of the banquet (here) from the trumpets used to announce the imperial entrance (earlier). Hautboys also often accompany sinister or eerie events.

12.25.1–2 *like a cook* The early German adaptation has him wearing a blood-stained apron, and carrying a knife; he 'goes to the pasties, cuts and places portions of them before the Emperor and the Empress,' and then 'walks mournfully up and down before the table'.

12.29.1 *Tamora eats* This is necessary and dramatic, wherever it occurs. Who else eats varies.

12.47.1 *Titus . . . veil* Titus lifts the veil and look at her before he kills her.

12.18 **boots** avails
12.19 **break the parle** stop the dispute
12.28 **cheer** refreshments, fare
12.36 **Virginius** a Roman centurion who in some versions of the story killed his daughter to prevent her rape, but in other versions acted as Titus says

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.

SATURNINUS What, was she ravished? Tell who did the deed.

TITUS Will't please you eat? Will't please your highness feed?

TAMORA Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

TITUS Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

SATURNINUS Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

TITUS *[revealing the heads]* Why, there they are, both bakèd in this pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

He stabs the Empress

SATURNINUS Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed!

[He kills Titus]

LUCIUS Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[He kills Saturninus. Uproar. Lucius and Marcus exeunt, then enter aloft]

MARCUS You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars severed, as a flight of fowl
Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

ROMAN LORD Let Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words.
[To Lucius] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory

2.60 their mother Tamora's speechless reaction to this horrific announcement is her last action in the play.

12.62 witness my knife's sharp point Presumably he displays his blood-stained dagger before stabbing Tamora with it (sometimes in her stomach or womb).

12.65.1 *Uproar* Marcus' language confirms that chaos follows the murders. The Romans who entered with the Emperor presumably battle Lucius and his Goths; more Goths may enter to protect the Andronici, escort their exit, and guard the doors that lead up to the balcony.

12.72 ROMAN LORD The 1623 text instead gives this speech to a 'Goth' (or 'Goths'). This would work for 12.72–5, but then Marcus or a Roman Lord would have to continue with the rest of the speech.

12.58 **presently** at once
12.65 **meed for meed** measure for measure
12.70 **corn** grain
12.70 **mutual** unified
12.72 **bane** destroyer
12.76 **But if** if
12.76 **chaps** cracks in the skin, wrinkles
12.79 **erst** formerly, once
12.79 **ancestor** Aeneas, mythical ancestor of the Roman people
12.81 **Dido** Queen of Carthage, loved and tragically abandoned by Aeneas, who tells her the story of the fall of Troy, his birthplace
12.81 **sad-attending** seriously listening
12.83 **subtle . . . Troy.** via the Trojan horse, recounted in the second book of *Aeneid*
12.84 **Sinon** His false tale persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse full of soldiers.
12.85 **fatal engine** deadly instrument of war
12.86 **civil** inflicted in a civil war
12.87 **compact** composed

And break my utt'rance even in the time
When it should move ye to attend me most,
And force you to commiseratïon.
Here's Rome's young captain; let him tell the tale
While I stand by and weep to hear him speak.
LUCIUS Then, gracious auditory, be it known to you
That Chiron and the damned Demetrius
Were they that murderèd our Emperor's brother,
And they it were that ravishèd our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised and basely cozened
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly myself, unkindly banishèd,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out
To beg relief among Rome's enemies,
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
MARCUS Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child.
Of this was Tamora deliverèd,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is to witness, this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs unspeakable, past patïence,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now have you heard the truth. What say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us pleading
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong hurl ourselves,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our souls,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand Lucius and I will fall.
AEMILIUS Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,

12.118 behold the child Presumably Aaron's child is brought in by a Goth, although this may happen sooner, or he may conceivably remain for the entire scene. Though Lucius has promised to keep the baby alive, he goes back on his word.

12.130 poor remainder of Andronici Lucius and Marcus certainly, but perhaps also gesturing to the Boy, if he is above with them. But this could refer only to the two older men who are demonstrably above, and who both have a claim to political authority (which the Boy does not).

12.90 **break** interrupt
12.95 **auditory** hearers, audience
12.99 **fell** cruel
12.100 **cozened** cheated
12.101 **fought . . . out** settled by fighting
12.112 **vaunter** braggart
12.125 **patïence** endurance
12.128 **Have we** if we have. (The Folio instead treats 'Have we done aught amiss?' as a rhetorical question.)
12.132 **ragged** rugged
12.133 **mutual closure** common end

Lucius our emperor—for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
ROMANS Lucius! All hail Rome's royal emperor!
MARCUS Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house
And hither hail that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaught'ring death
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[Exeunt Marcus and Lucius from above]
ROMANS Lucius! All hail Rome's gracious governor!
[Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Puer]
LUCIUS Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task.
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[He kisses Titus]
These sorrowful drops upon thy bloodstained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.
MARCUS Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
[He kisses Titus]
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.
LUCIUS *[to Puer]* Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a story hath he told to thee,
And bid thee bear his pretty tales in mind,
And talk of them when he was dead and gone.
MARCUS How many thousand times hath these poor lips,
When they were living, warmed themselves on thine.
O now, sweet boy, give them their latest kiss.
Bid him farewell. Commit him to the grave.
Do them that kindness, and take leave of them.
PUER O grandsire, grandsire, ev'n with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.
[He kisses Titus]
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping.
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.
[Enter soldiers with Aaron]
ROMAN LORD You, sad Andronici, have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch
That hath been breeder of these dire events.
LUCIUS Set him breast-deep in earth and famish him.
There let him stand and rave and cry for food.

12.141–2 Go . . . Moor Several soldiers may leave here to fetch Aaron.

12.144.1 *Exeunt . . . from above* The Romans' cheering for Lucius gives him and Marcus time to descend; the cheer may be repeated as often as necessary.

12.175 ROMAN LORD possibly Aemilius

12.148 **give me aim** encourage me
12.149 **puts me to** sets me
12.151 **obsequious** mourning, appropriate to obsequies
12.168 **latest** last
12.170 **them** his lips

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

AARON THE MOOR Ah, why should wrath be mute and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did
I do repent it from my very soul.

LUCIUS Some loving friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household's monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral right, nor man in mourning weed,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey.
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being dead, let birds on her take pity.

Exeunt [removing the bodies]

12.199 ***removing the bodies*** This may be done ceremoniously, accompanied by military or funereal music; or it may be brutal, messy, or casual.

12.181 **doom** judgement, sentence
12.191 **father's grave** ancestral tomb
12.195 **weed** garments
12.197 **prey** prey upon